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NETOP

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THE ELVES DANCE

Down in a valley,
Down in a glen,
Stands a lonely cavern,
Home of little men.

When the sun has set,
And the birds have nestled
Deep in their nests of
Twine, branch, and thistle.

A wee dancing Elf,
With a suit of green,
Jumps on a grey rock,
A glint of silver sheen.

Beckoning to his fellows
With a tiny merry nod,
Each one tumbles out,
And dances on the sod.

Here in the moonlight,
Here on the green,
Is a happy party,
By human eyes unseen.

First the little leader,
For I called it he,
Stands with hand upraised
And chants a melody.

Then the little Elflets,
Jolly as can be,
Start a little pageant,
Bending on the knee.

Rising, falling, tumbling,
To the sound of distant bells,
Each waves his little cap
Tinkling with pink sea-shells.

Far over the mountain,
Far over the glen,
The moon fades slowly
From the Elflets' ken.

Then the little leader,
A charming little mite,
Waves his hand in parting,
All are gone from sight!



THE HOUSE OF HORRORS

The Grenville House had been the scene of countless murders. From the time it was built, during the reign of Richard the Lion-hearted to the present day, hardly a century passed but somebody met his death in that mansion. Consequently, when Inspector Kirby was roused out of bed early one morning and told that the beautiful Dolly Grenville had been found lying by the fireplace with a dagger in her breast, he was not greatly excited. Beyond a few incoherent remarks, he showed little sign of being interested.

Mose Long, a jack-of-all-trades in Lansdowne, who brought the news, was voluble in his description of the latest mystery at the old mansion.

"I tell you, sor, she were the most pitiful sight as I ever see. Ther' she lie, dripping with blood and with a look on her face such as I never wish to see again! Why—"

"All right, Mose, all right," cut in the Inspector, "I can see for myself when I get there. By the way, is Sir Arthur back yet?"

"Yessir, and I do believe as how he killed the poor girl hisself, with all his talk of wills and how she was no kin to him anyhow. He, with his—"

But Mose said no more, as the Inspector was already out the door and hurrying up the long hill towards the scene of the murder. Kirby had been in the Grenville house many times before but never under any such circumstances. Before all had been serene and peaceful; now all was hubbub, with the servants huddled

dled in the corner with white, scared looks on their faces. Lady Grenville was running about hysterically, and Sir Arthur was seated at the long table with a white set look on his face.

The latter rose when Kirby entered, saying "Good morning, Inspector, we have rather a bad business here today."

Kirby answered brusquely and asked to be shown to the scene of the murder at once. Sir Arthur responded by nodding to Yates, the butler, who beckoned to Kirby and led him down a long hall into the lofty sitting-room of the old house.

The first thing that met the Inspector's eyes was something which would make even stronger men shudder and turn cold. On the gray tiles of the fire place lay the form of Dolly Grenville, Sir Arthur's nineteen-year-old ward. She was huddled in an unnatural position, drenched with blood and with a long, cruel dagger thrust to the hilt in her breast. The Inspector actually whitened for a moment but instantly gained control of himself. Yates was blubbering near the door.

"Has anyone been in this room besides you and Sir Arthur?" barked Kirby, now thoroughly at home.

"Only Betty, the maid, who found the body," answered Yates, jumping at the sharp tone in which the question was asked.

"When was the body found?"

"About five o'clock, when Betty came down to open the rooms."

The Inspector glanced about, and

then knelt down by the ghastly figure, taking in every detail of the inert body. The girl was lying with her head under the long deal table and her feet toward the fireplace. After noting all these things carefully, Kirby arose.

"Well, you can send for the coroner now," he snapped, "and by the way, tell everybody to remain in the house. Understand not a person's to leave the place unless I say so. Get me?"

Yates nodded piteously and went out the door with many scared, backward glances. The Inspector sat at the table chewing his moustache. Suddenly he leapt to his feet and strode to the telephone. Ringing sharply, he muttered a few words into the mouthpiece and then paced thoughtfully up and down the room, stopping now and then to gaze at the body of the dead girl. The sight of death was not an uncommon thing in the life of Inspector Kirby, and yet there was something horrible in the spectacle of the poor girl lying there, stricken down in the flush of youth.

Shortly after, Coroner Pennington arrived with his three assistants. Pennington was a remarkable man for such a small community, and his reputation had reached even as far as London. He was a small, slight man with a brisk, nervous air and a sharp, penetrating glance. It had often been remarked that no one

on the witness stand could conceal anything from Coroner Pennington.

After greeting Kirby warmly, the coroner immediately got to business. He examined the body carefully and then ordered it removed to the girl's bedroom. Then he called Kirby aside and spoke to him in an undertone for a long time. They were still talking when the door opened and Sir Arthur Grenville came in. He seemed to have regained some composure and spoke quite steadily to the corner.

"Well, Mr. Pennington, what do you think of this affair?"

The coroner hesitated some time before answering.

"As a matter of personal opinion, Sir Arthur, I think that we shall have to perform an autopsy on the body."

"Why, I thought it was self-evident that she was stabbed!" cried Sir Arthur.

"On the contrary, the blow from the knife was delivered after death. Dr. Hughes, my assistant, and I are almost positive that she died from a very large overdose of morphine."

Sir Arthur stepped back as if stunned by the remark. He was about to speak when the door was thrown open and Lady Grenville rushed in, wild-eyed and hysterical.

"In the name of heaven, that girl is not Dolly!"

M. L. '27.

(To be continued)

THE FABLE OF THE VISITOR WHO GOT A LOT FOR THREE DOLLARS

The Learned Phrenologist sat in his office surrounded by his whiskers. Now and then he put a stubby forefinger to his brow and glanced at the mirror to make sure that he still resembled William Cullen Bryant. Near him, on a table was a Pallid Head made of plaster of paris, and stickily ornamented with small labels. On the wall was a chart showing that the Orangoutang does not have Daniel Webster's facial angle. "Is the Graft played out?" asked the Learned Phrenologist, as he waited. "Is science up against it, or what?"

Then he heard the fall of heavy

feet, and resumed his imitation. The door opened and there came into the room a tall, rangy person with a head in the shape of a Rocky Ford Cantaloupe. Aroused from his meditation, the Learned Phrenologist looked up at the Stranger darkly, as through a glass, and pointed to a red plush chair. The Easy Mark collapsed into the rented chair and the man with more whiskers than Darwin ever saw, stood behind him and ran his fingers over his head, Taranula-wise.

"Well, well!" said the Learned Phrenologist. "Enough benevolence

here to do a family of eight. Courage? I guess yes! MacMillan's got the same kind of a lump right over the left ear. Love of home and friends—like the ridge behind a bumper! Firmness—out of sight! Reverence—well, when it comes to Reverence, you're certainly there with the goods! Conscientiousness, Hope and Idealty—the limit! And as for Metaphysical Penetration—Oh, Say, the Metaphysical Penetration, right where you part the hair—Oh Min! Say, you've got H. G. Wells whipped to a custard. I've got my hand on it now. You can feel it yourself, can't you?"

"I can feel something," replied the Human Being, with a rapt smile.

"Wit, Compassion, and Poetic Talent—right here where I've got my thumb. Honesty, Virtue, and Economy—right at the bend of the neck—O Cinch! I think you'll run as high as 98 per cent on all the

Intellectual Qualities. In your case we have a rare combination of Executive Ability, or the Power to command, and those qualities of Benevolence and Idealty which contribute to the fostering of Permanent Religious and Homelike Sentiment. I don't know what your present occupation is, but you ought to be President of a Theological Seminary. Kindly slip me Three Dollars before you pass out."

The tall man separated himself from two days' pay and then went out on the streets and pushed People off the sidewalk, he thought so well of Himself.

Thereafter, as before, he drove a coal wagon, but he was always glad to know that he could have been President of a Theological Seminary.

MORAL: A Good Folly is worth the price you pay for It.

M. C. '27.

THE THRILL OF A NEW DISCOVERY

While on a volcanic expedition for the American Academy of Science I had an interesting experience. We were nearing the crater of an extinct volcano when I noticed that the ground contained some peculiar white spots. It was night when we reached the crater, and as it was very cold we built a fire and sat around telling of our various interesting experiences. When we got ready to retire, I noticed a large white spot on my brown pants but as I was very tired, I did not stop to examine it very closely. Because of the cold we slept in sleeping bags. The next morning when I awoke I saw a large white spot on my sleeping bag, too. By this time my curiosity was aroused and I started to examine these spots more closely. On close examination I found that the cloth had been bleached white from lying on one of these white spots. I then began to look at one of these. These spots looked to be merely spots of bleached ground, but on further examination I found a small crystal of a grayish substance somewhat resembling galena, and very fragile. With the aid of some forceps I took a large piece and

picked it up, and I noticed my cuff begin to turn white. I then placed this crystal in a wad of cotton and put it in the portable radio set, determining to analyze this substance as soon as I got back to my laboratory. That night I tuned in on the radio. I was immediately astonished for music came in clear and loud with not the least bit of static. Later I found that the program was being broadcasted from Argentina, South America, and here I was in Alaska with only a three tube set.

Gradually the music died down and on looking I found the inside of my radio turning white. I suddenly realized that it was this crystal which had caused this phenomenal improvement in my radio set. The next day I left the mountains for Nome and from there I left the following day for San Francisco. Once in San Francisco I handed in my reports and specimens and went back to my laboratory where I began to analyze these crystals in every way possible. The tests did not show what this substance was and I was puzzled until I realized I had discovered a new element, which I later named Ultra Radiexite, the

rays of which I named Exothermic Ultra Radiexite Rays because of their peculiar bleaching effect.

I knew my discovery was important so I experimented to find some uses for this new substance. I found that these rays would not shine through quartz glass so by placing a small amount of the substance in a case of quartz I could cut out static and increase the volume and distance of a set without spoiling it. I also discovered that if used in large enough quantities it would be valuable for bleaching cloth, paper, and other things.

I knew my discovery to be worth a fortune if I could find a place

where it was plentiful, so I went back to Alaska and staked out a claim on a plateau where the soil was nearly pure white. On my return to the United States I gave a demonstration of the actions of my discovery before the largest radio syndicate in the world, and they agreed to buy my claim and patent rights for five million dollars and a small royalty each year. I also won a prize of one hundred thousand dollars from the American Association for the Promotion of Science for making the most important discovery of the year.

H. S. '28.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT

It was nearing the hour of midnight, and everything was wrapped in a black blanket. The houses were dark and silent, which showed plainly that all people were in bed and asleep. But, look again!—a dark form is stealing silently through the bushes. It steps into the road and stands there glancing cautiously this way and that. A roaring sound is heard in the distance, and a flare of lights are seen as a high powered car going at a breath taking speed looms into view. Before the shadowy form in the middle of the road can move, the car is upon him. A screech of brakes, a muffled cry of horror, a thud,—It is over. An inert form lies cold and still in the middle of the road and somewhere a car speeds

through the darkness, the driver never stopping to discover what damage he has done.

At dusk the next morning, a call is sent through from a distance of about five hundred miles, to the police station. It is the driver of the high powered car speaking, and troubled by his guilty conscience, he is requesting the police to investigate and find out whether any serious injuries were dealt to the victim. A hospital is immediately called up, and an ambulance with an escort of six policemen set out for the place where the accident occurred. A sad sight indeed arrests their eyes, for there before them lies the mangled, crushed, and broken form of——
“A Skunk.”
F. A. '28.

THE RIVER'S SECRET

Jim Murphy was an orphan. During the big flood of sixteen years ago he had come floating down the river on the roof of a derelict chicken coop. Good-natured Pat Murphy had taken Jim off in his boat and brought him home to his kind-hearted wife. The Murphys took Jim to their hearts and brought him up as their own in the genial atmosphere of their home. He had vague recollections of a home and parents, the flood, and a mother who pushed him onto the floating coop. Until he was fourteen

he attended school, where he showed a keen interest in geography. After leaving school he went to work at the landing, and at eighteen he was a first-class roustabout.

Jim decided that he could hope for nothing better than being a roustabout all his life if he stayed there, so he determined to set out to see some of the places he had read about in his geography and, incidentally to make his fortune. He took his entire savings, bade the Murphys a reluctant farewell, and work-

ed his way down to New Orleans on a flatboat. From there he sailed on a coasting steamer to Texas. He missed in the modern cattle industry the glamour which he had always associated with cowboys. Jim decided that he would not be a cowhand. He wandered into Nevada where he bought a horse and pack-mule and began prospecting for silver.

One day as he was riding down a hill which sloped to a small stream he saw a girl on a horse start to ford the stream. The horse suddenly began to flounder and sink. Jim realized that the girl's mount was in quicksand, and that unless he did something quickly both would soon be out of sight. He let go the lead-rope of his pack-mule and dashed down the bank. He threw his lariat over the horn of the girl's saddle, and put spurs to his horse. The strain of the taut rope and the wild plunges of the trapped horse loosened the grip of the treacherous quicksand, and the horse floundered up the bank. Jim hastened to help the frightened girl to dismount. She thanked him prettily for saving her life and invited him to accompany her home that her father might express his gratitude. Jim accepted. He found her father an old, white-haired man who seemed to have had a great sorrow during his life. He expressed his undying gratitude to Jim for saving the daughter whom he loved devotedly. He explained that he and his daughter were partners in a small silver claim near their cabin. The old miner invited Jim to stay and help work the claim. Jim consented, partly because he had

nearly reached the end of his resources, and partly because he felt attracted to the miner's pretty daughter.

Jim introduced new methods of mining, and prevailed upon the partners to install some new machinery so that the mine began to pay good profits. One evening the old miner told Jim the following story: "When I was a young man I lived on the bank of the Mississippi. One spring I went to a town some distance away on business. While I was gone, a cloudburst up north started a big flood. My wife and son were alone at home. When I heard of the flood I started homeward at once. Before I reached there I had to take to a boat. In the boat I hastened on to the site of my home only to find the house washed away and my wife and son gone. No trace was ever found of them although I always hoped that they drifted down on some wreckage and were saved." The old man finished with tears in his eyes.

"Could you identify your son?" asked Jim.

"He had a three-cornered scar on his scalp," replied the old man. Jim parted his hair and revealed a jagged scar on the top of his head. "My son!" cried the old miner hugging him with tears in his eyes.

"Then you must be my sister," said Jim to the girl, who had listened wide-eyed to these astonishing revelations.

"No, she isn't," said Jim's father with a smile. "She's my adopted daughter, so you have two chances to become a partner in this company."

COLOMBO

In fourteen hundred ninety-two Colombo and his galleys,
He roamed about the streets of Spain
And slept in all the alleys.

He went up to the Queen of Spain
And asked for ships and cargo,
"I'll surely bring you back New York
If I don't bring back Chicago."

For forty days and forty nights
They sailed the broad Atlantic,
Until the crew, for a sight of land

Was pretty nearly frantic.

Colombo stood upon the deck,
He leaned against the anchor,
He grabbed the first mate by the neck
And left him in the "Tropic of Cancer."

Upon the sea they saw a whale
The crew drew lots for Owners,
So when they poked him in the ribs
Out there stepped old Jonas.

SOUP

Prologue:

"Vellee soon, Hop Sling going to get vellee, vellee angly. Just to-day new box come and now allee samee gone. What you going do, Missee Dugan? Those vellee dangleous men steal 'um, Hop Sling know."

"Well, Hop Sling, the box may turn up. I'll have Jackie's father look for it in the store house."

"All lightee, Missee Dugan," replied Hop Sling.

* * * * *

Jackie was the fourteen-year-old son of Jack Dugan, Sr., the owner of a lumber camp. Jackie's chief source of amusement was reading blood-curdling tales of thugs.

One day in the woods, high up in a pine tree, Jackie had just finished a story in which the desperate villain blows up the hero's house with "soup" or dynamite, when he overheard two ragged-looking men talking together. One said upon parting, "All right, Steve, I think it'll be safe enough to-night to bring the soup to the cabin in the ravine."

Jackie's eyes grew large with horror and he put on his thinking cap—"I'll bring the soup to the cabin in the ravine to-night." What did the man mean? Soup? Soup? Soup—dynamite! What did they intend to blow up? The logs? These logs had been penned up to await a suitable time to float them down the river, and rival camps were trying to clear the stream. "So they intend to blow up the logs, do they?"

thought Jackie. "Well I'll put an end to that." So saying he scrambled down from the tree, hastened to his father's cabin, secured a sawed-off shot-gun, scribbled a hasty note of warning, and ran for his pony.

After a few hours of patient waiting, waiting made creepy by the strange woodland noises, Jackie was rewarded. Some one weighted down with a large box was scurrying toward the cabin bathed in erie moonlight. The door opened, and light streamed forth. Low voices floated to Jackie's pricked up ears. He crept nearer the cabin. The door had been closed. Grasping the gun more firmly and taking a long shuddering breath, Jackie opened the door stealthily. The two men were opening a box in the corner; on the stove lay an empty pan, and a box of crackers was open on the table.

In his most belligerent voice, Jackie snapped, "Stick 'em up, and stick 'em fast." The two men whirled, ugly expressions on their faces, and confronted the steady muzzle of a gun.

Suddenly, voices were heard outside, but Jackie never moved. A shadow darkened the door-way and a voice boomed "What have we here, son?" Jackie turned, "Dad, I've caught these men planning to blow up the logs. There's the dynamite in that box."

Loggers made the two men prisoners, and Jackie's father went to the corner and pried open the box. In it peacefully and innocently reposed dozens of cans of Campbell's Soup.

THOUGHTS OF A SENIOR

As I roamed the halls of our High School,
I thought of the years gone by;
Of when I was merely a freshman,
A Freshman, entering High.

I thought of my year as a sophomore,
When my store of knowledge was high,
When I thought there were not many
Who knew much more than I!

I thought of my year as a junior
And I find I'm not over bright;
I find that it might have been better,
Had I studied harder at night.

Now, in starting this year as a senior,
I'm sorry and this is why;
Just because it is the last one,
I shall spend in our Dear Old High!
M. F. '27.

STATION T. F. H. S. ANNOUNCING

Hungry?

You needn't be; for listen to this. On Tuesday, September 21, I was strolling through the hall at recess time when I saw a crowd of bright-faced freshmen coming out of Room 3. I wondered what would make the freshmen look so happy in the middle of the morning so I stepped into the junior class room. Guess what I found! The sale of candy had commenced and along with this goody they have peanuts and potato-chips. They have a fine line of goods so let's patronize them, faculty and classmates!

Class Dues

Notice: Class dues may be paid anytime now. Prompt attention will be given you by your class treasurers.

Thank You!

Don't forget the athletic association. You owe them something for their display of athletic prowess. Just a gentle hint to pay your athletic dues.

Again, I thank you!

Senior Reception to Freshmen

On Friday evening, September twenty-fourth, we dignified seniors, gave a very jolly reception to the freshmen.

The assembly hall was decorated with orange and white, our class colors, mingled with autumn leaves and laurel. At the windows, were alternating pairs of orange and white curtains. Chrysanthemums of these same colors hung from the chandeliers, and about the side lights was orange paper tied with white bows. On the stage ran a white fence, in the center of which was a Japanese gate with the orange number "27". In the rear of the stage, was a cluster of corn stalks through which peeped an orange harvest moon, a favorite decoration of the class of twenty-seven. Milkey's orchestra furnished the music for the social event. In our receiving line were Principal and Mrs. Arthur E. Burke, Mr. Gifford, Miss Little, Miss Louise Clark and Theodore Marti-

neau. At nine forty-five, refreshments of cake, ice-cream and cookies were served to the eager freshmen, upper classmen and faculty. Eleven o'clock brought an end to the most enjoyable affair.

Glee Club

The Glee Club meets every Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock and lasts until three. It is composed of about one hundred high school students. At the first meeting, held on September fourteenth, Theodore Martineau was elected president; Lillian Prevost, vice-president; Kathleen O'Connell, secretary; and Thelma Flagg, treasurer. The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Brigham is planning to put on in the near future "Creation", an oratorio by Handel.

French Club

The French Club is an honorary society formed last year. The purpose of the club is to promote interest in French and provide a more thorough study for those pupils especially interested in the language. Due to conflict in studies, many of the Charter members do not take French this year. It has been decided that these students will be allowed to remain in the club. The first meeting was held October seventh. A vote was passed that last year's officers should hold their offices until December, thus giving them one year in the position. Theodore Martineau is president; Thelma Flagg, vice-president; Leslie Reed, secretary; and Mary Flynn, treasurer. This year the club intends to correspond with French students in other schools. If possible, correspondence will be carried on with students in France. Students taking Junior and Senior French are admitted in January. Those taking Sophomore French enter at Easter. So aim for a B. Juniors and Seniors! Sophomores try an A, and become eligible to membership. Once every second Monday afternoon the French Club holds a business meeting. Every fourth Friday evening,

a French program and social hour takes place. On Friday evening, October fifteenth, at eight o'clock, a business meeting was held. The purpose of this was to decide upon the year's program.

Girls' Basketball

A girls' basketball team has finally been started. Miss Masters, the physical director, is training the girls. Practice is held Friday afternoons on the field behind the High School, whereby the girls get the benefit of the exercise and the fresh air. Teams may be chosen from each class if there is sufficient material from which to choose.

The Girls' Club

Much credit is due Miss McCrea for the interest she took in the Girls' Club this summer. It was through her efforts that it was thoroughly organized. Miss Masters has now successfully taken over the leadership of the club. At present, the organization is very enthusiastic about basketball. The plan is to form a team and to play with other schools. Business and social meetings are held once a month. All girls of the high school are cordially invited to join. One thing is necessary though; the girls cannot play basketball or even belong unless their marks are of passing grade. The total membership is now twenty-five. The officers are: President, Doris Fuller; vice-president, Anna Sojka; secretary, Thelma Flagg; and treasurer, Henrietta Szwiec. If

you wish to have a good time, girls, join this club and enjoy its social activities.

M. MC.

HIGH SCHOOL AND THE BOYS' CLUB

It might be interesting to note that the new Boys' club in town has many High School boys for members. This is a real, live club and there is not a boy that belongs who doesn't enjoy the two meetings each week. It's going to be a big thing this winter in sports indoor as well as outdoor.

Wrestling and boxing will be taught, and various methods of self defence. Wrestling holds, and breaks for same, have already been shown the boys, who were very enthusiastic. It is current that the male members of the High School faculty will help the fellows in their different studies.

There will also be entertainments and perhaps plays. Officers have already been elected for the older boys group as follows: Robert Shea, President; Jacob Stotz, Vice President; Warren Thomas, Secretary; and Erving Gartrell, Treasurer. Mr. Coogan, the playground director, is in charge, and Mr. Gifford is the wrestling master. He will later teach boxing. The efforts of these two men are highly appreciated by the boys, and nothing would please them more than a good turn out and hearty cooperation of all.

OUR EXCHANGES

"The Drury Academe"

North Adams, Mass.

Your French Page has a good beginning. Keep it up!

"The Tatler"

Nashua, N. H.

Your Literary department is very good, especially "Taps".

"The Academy Student"

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Your editorials are good.

"The Student"

Malone, N. Y.

An attractive paper with many pictures.

"The Spotlight"

Chelsia, Vt.

Some cuts would improve your otherwise attractive paper.

"The New Era"

East Hartford, Conn.

An interesting paper.

"The Austin Sentinel"

Austin, Minn.

Your classes are well represented in your publication.

"The Wyndonia" Willimantic, Conn.

Your articles are serious. Have you no stories?

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>"Bulo-Mayfield Breezes"
Mayfield, Okla.</p> <p>"Boston University News"
Boston, Mass.
A comprehensive paper.</p> <p>"Maroon News" Menominee, Mich.
Informative in school matters.</p> <p>"High School Sabethan"
Sabetha, Kan.
A well planned school paper.</p> | <p>"The Tuskegee Messenger"
Alabama
A good representative of a well known school.</p> <p>"The Flashlight" Superior, Neb.
Your school notes are interesting.</p> <p>"How to Study" might well be copied. Your cover for September is especially good.</p> |
|---|--|

ALUMNI NOTES—Class of 1926

John Horrigan is a clerk in Trudel's Drug Store.

George Marston is attending Worcester Tech.

Edward Milkey is at the University of New York.

Mark Crean is a clerk in Miner's.

Margaret Mackin is studying at Mount St. Vincent of New York.

Malcolm Alber clerks in Corbett's Drug Store.

Helen McGillicuddy is at home.

Evangeline Newton is working in the Greenfield Library.

Fred Cassidy is at Dean Academy.

Allice Reum is taking a Post Graduate course.

Charles DeWolfe is at home.

Everett Gartrell is studying at Worcester Tech.

Frederick Campbell is a salesman in Ginter's.

Marion Brunelle is at home.

Ruth Blassberg is attending Leland Powers School.

Eileen Bourdeau is at the office of Durkee and Ray.

Dorothy Ellis is at home.

Mildred Barton works in the Greenfield Library.

Harry Baker attends Tuft's College.

Doris Kelleher is working in the

Carnegie Library.

Miriam McConnell is at home.

Ruth Luippold is in the office of The F. I. Webster Co.

Helen King is employed in the Millers Falls Tool Company's office.

Irving King is a clerk for Carroll Brothers.

Helen Hennessey is attending Fitchburg Normal.

Marguerite Kells works for the Franklin County Trust Co.

Caroline Koch is at home.

Henry Lawrence is studying at Holy Cross.

Richard Lawrence is employed by Thomas Brothers.

Thomas Lonergan clerks in Mathieu's Grocery.

Carl Miller attends Bay Path Institute.

Catherine Pervere is at home.

Robert Verner is employed by the Millers Falls Tool Co.

Mabel Rivet is at home.

Walter Waraksa works for the International Paper Co.

Doris Rosberry is at home.

Alice Wyman keeps books for Salmon and Jacobus.

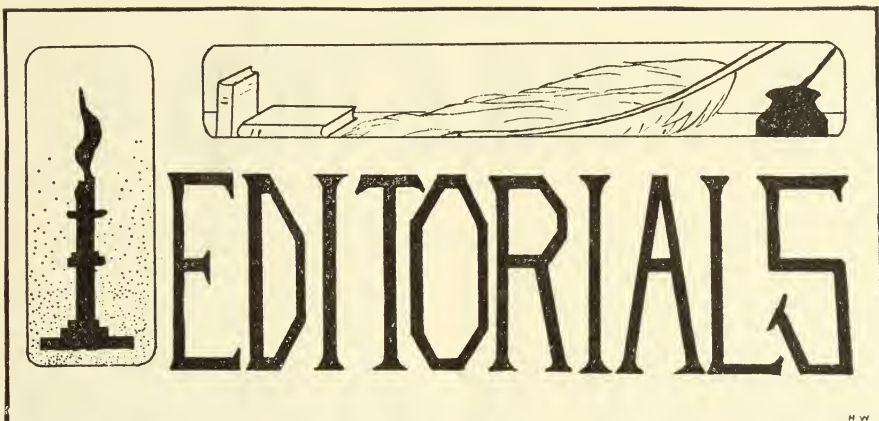
Stanislaus Zak is attending the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Elizabeth Yukl is at home.

REQUIREMENTS FOR PARTICIPATION IN ATHLETICS

A new arrangement has been made relative to participation in all athletics. This new requirement is primarily to place the school work before sports. Secondly it keeps a player out of the game only for the duration of a week, providing he gets "up" in his studies. The whole

thing is that if a participant in sports falls below passing grade in one subject for a week he is suspended from the game till he again reaches the level. The old regulations kept a fellow from playing his sport for a month if he was below passing in two subjects.



Netop extends a cordial welcome to the new members of the faculty, Miss Little and Mr. Gifford. We sincerely hope that they will enjoy their work in Turners Falls High School. Miss Little has already become the sophomore class teacher, and Mr. Gifford has entered enthusiastically into coaching the football team. We who have known Mr. Burke so long as science instructor are very glad to have him for our new principal. We also greet the members of the faculty who are beginning another year of service in our High School.

We also take this opportunity to welcome the Class of 1930, the freshmen, who have just entered upon their first year of high school life. We know that they will be a credit to this institution, and will live up to its honored traditions. Already they are to be complimented on the courtesy shown by them to their hostesses at the Senior-Freshmen reception. When a class has gone through all the work of preparing for an affair of this kind, it appreciates the guests' taking the trouble to express their enjoyment of the occasion.

Our compliments to Mr. Lorden and the track team on winning the

track meet at the Franklin County Fair. The result of this contest shows that Turners Falls may be justly proud of its athletes. We also wish to comment on the good work done by the cheering section. At Northampton Fair also, our boys took first place.

For the first time in several years Turners Falls High School has a football team. Seven games have been arranged, five of which are home games. The boys have got in some good practice under the direction of Coach Lorden, assisted by Mr. Gifford, and Mr. Coogan, the playground director. The results of the first four games, two victories, a tie, and one defeat, show that Turners Falls High School can compete successfully in football as well as in other sports.

The basketball season will open very soon, and the team needs the financial as well as the moral support of the student body. The team has done very well in past years in spite of the handicap of the lack of a gymnasium in which to practice. About twenty games will be played, and it is expected that at least ten will be at home. So, students, go to the basketball games and help support your team.



ATHLETICS



TURNERS FALLS WINS HIGH SCHOOL TRACK MEET

For the second time in succession our track team emerged successful from the annual track meet at the Franklin County Fair held at Greenfield on Sept. 15, 1926. Turners Falls won handily from three other competitors. Much credit is due to Mr. Lorden, our coach, whose untiring efforts brought success. Also this shows that our team had the proper spirit.

Stotz of Turners Falls was easily the outstanding star of the meet, while Tognarelli of Arms and Woodward and Manning of Greenfield also did fine work.

The scores in each event:

100 yds.—Freshmen, 1-Harris, Greenfield 5; 2-Bush, Turners 3; 3-Herzig, Arms 2; 4-Smith, Greenfield 1.

100 yds.—Open, 1-Stotz, Turners 5; 2-Woodward, Greenfield 3; 3-Tognarelli, Arms 2; 4-Purrington, Arms 1.

100 yds.—Novice, 1-Lapean, Turners 5; 2-Cafflioffi, Turners 3; 3-Bowen, Greenfield 2; 4-McClary, Turners 1.

220 yds.—Open, 1-Stotz, Turners 5; 2-Tognarelli, Arms 3; 3-Wood-

ward, Greenfield 2; 4-J. Hughes, Turners 1.

Half Mile—1-Fiske, Greenfield 5; 2-Sauter, Greenfield 3; 3-T. Grogan, Turners 2; 4-Meeka, Greenfield 1.

Relay—1-Turners Falls 5, 2-Arms 3; 3-Greenfield 2.

Bicycle Race—1-Whitbeck, Greenfield, 5; 2-Burnap, Arms 3; 3-Wilder, Arms 2; 4-Gomassini, Arms 1.

Potato Race—1-Perrinton, Arms 5; 2-Stotz, Turners 3; 3-McDonald, Greenfield 2; 4-Clow, Orange 1.

Hop, Step and Jump—Stotz, Turners, and Tognarelli, Arms, tied, 4 each; 3-Manning, Greenfield 2; 4-Lapean, Turners 1.

Broad Jump—1-Stotz, Turners 5; 2-Tognarelli, Arms 3; 3-Burnham, Arms 2; 4-Lapean, Turners 1.

High Jump—1-Nims, Greenfield, and Stotz, Turners, tied, 4 each; 3-Burnham, Arms 2; 4-Murphy, Greenfield 1.

Shot Put—1-Anson, Greenfield 5; 2-Prondecki, Turners 3; 3-Murphy, Greenfield 2; 4-Newman, Greenfield 1.

Total scores: Turners Falls 51, Greenfield 45, Arms Academy 34, Orange 1.

TENNIS

This year a new branch of sports has developed, namely a girls' tennis team. Our tennis team is not for experts but for every girl who has a fair knowledge of the fundamental rules of the game. The team has one member from each class. Each class should promise ardent support,

each should have great faith in its representative, and "faith moveth mountains". At present the team consists of Mary Flynn, senior; Marion McCullough, junior; Henrietta Szwiec, sophomore; and Alice Gunn, freshman. So far the team has played but one game. This was

with Greenfield on its courts. The team was defeated with the score as follows:

1st Singles—Margaret Barrard vs. Mary Flynn, 6-1::6-0.

2nd Singles—Barbara Humes vs. Henrietta Szwiec, 6-0::6-0.

3rd Singles—Mary Bean vs. Marion McCullough, 6-1::6-3.

The Doubles was a bitter struggle but sad to say, Greenfield won again:

1st Doubles—Virginia Harper and Anna Cominoli vs. Henrietta Szwiec and Mary Flynn, 6-4::10-8.

2nd Doubles—Beatrice LeBaron and Evelyn Leucott vs. Marion McCullough and Alice Gunn, 6-1::6-0.

Basketball

A girl's basketball team is now progressing nicely under the leadership of Miss Masters, the physical training teacher. As yet the players have not been picked, and no games have been played. Girls, here is a chance to show your school spirit! If you do not participate in any of the other school athletics, go out for basketball. Don't hang back and say "Let the rest do it!" Don't say you haven't time, because Friday afternoon is not a very busy one. One afternoon a week for practice is all that is asked of you. Come and do your share! Basketball is good exercise and that is what is needed. Don't say you can't play before you've tried! "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Turners Falls 6, South Deerfield 0

Our football team opened its season here on Saturday, October 2, by defeating South Deerfield High, 6-0. In the last period Gartrell intercepted a forward pass which paved the way for Bob Shea to score. Being the first game there was much ragged play, but our team shows promise and should develop well before the next games. The score:

Turners Falls South Deerfield
Nasiatka, le re, Pielock
Prondecki, lt rt, Cady
Doran, lf rg, Gorey
Leary, c c, Wells

Strehle, rg lg, Salkaloski
Jillson, rt lt, Thompson
Grogan, re le, Kolinka
Gartrell, qb qb, Jennis
Hughes, lhb rhb, Morrissey
Stotz, rhb lhb, Warren
Shea, fb fb, Sagan

Substitutions—Turners Falls, Lapean for Nasiatka, McClary for Leary, Samoriski for Jillson, Baker for Samoriski, Bush for Gartrell. Score—Turners Falls 6, Deerfield 0. Touchdown—Shea. Referee—Casey. Umpire—Campbell. Head linesman—Dezik. Time—10-minute quarters.

Turners 6, Orange 6

Our team played a 6-6 tie at Orange on October 9. The game was close and the teams were fairly matched. In the first period Desrosiers of Orange scooped up a Turners fumble and went ten yards for a score. In the third period Jake Stotz grabbed an Orange pass and dodged through the whole team for seventy yards and the tying point. Both teams made good tries for a touchdown in the last quarter but the scoring punch was lacking. Chet Nasiatka was the star of the game, making many clever tackles. The lineup:

Turners Falls

Orange

Nasiatka, le re, Desrosiers
Prondecki, lt rt, Bigwood
Doran, le rg, S. Smith
Baker, le rg, Halberg
Leary, c c, Willard, Dill
Strehle, rg lg, Haley
Grogan, Jillson, rt lt, Smith
Lapean, re le, Johnson
Grogan, re le, Goslin
Gartrell, gb g, C. Harris
Stotz, rhb lhb, Ward
Hughes, lhb rhb, W. Willard
Shea, fb fb, Clow

Score: Turners Falls 6, Orange 6. Touchdowns: Desrosiers, Stotz. Time: 4 10-minute periods. Referee: Ahey. Head Linesman: Walker.

Amherst 25, Turners Falls 0

Turners High was decisively beaten October 15 by the more experienced team at Amherst High. Good interference was responsible for many of their gains around the ends, and the backs found many holes in the line. Amherst scored twice by the aerial game; once on a fumbled pass behind Turners' goal line. In the last quarter Turners tried the overhead game but failed to complete one pass.

The line-up:

Amherst High	Turners Falls H.
Goodrich, le	re, Grogan
Hall, lt	rt, Jillson
Eno, lg	rg, Strehle
Gilbert, c	c, Krainson
Zoimek, rg	lg, Doran
Market, rd	lt, S. Stotz
Davis, re	le, Nasiatka
Grebbin, qb	qb, Gartrell
Brown, rhb	lhb, J. Stotz
Foley, lhb	rhb, Hughes
Durant, fb	fb, Shea

Substitutions—Turners Falls, Myleck for Jillson, Prondecki for H. Stotz, Myleck for Prondecki, Bush for Gartrell. Score—Amherst 25, Turners Falls 0. Touchdowns—Foley, Durant 2, Grebbin. Point after touchdown—Foley. Referee—E. E. Grayson. Head linesman—Machimme. Time—4 10-minute periods.

Turners Falls 20, New Salem 0

On Saturday, October 30, our team trimmed New Salem on the home grounds. The field was wet and muddy, so that misplays were frequent. In the first period, Jake Stotz swept around the end for a touchdown. In the next period, Ed Samoriski grabbed a loose ball and tore fifty yards for a second score. Shea kicked the point from place-

ment. Late in the game Stotz again crossed the goal line after another end run. A forward pass, Hughes to Stotz, made the extra point.

The line-up:

Turners Falls	New Salem
Lapean, re	le, Spencer
Samoriski, rt	et, Allart
Strehle, rg	lg, Worth
Leary, c	c, Tucker
Doran, lg	rg, Ellison
Prondecki, lt	rt, R. Ellison
Nasiatka, le	re, Waterman
Gartrell, qb	qb, Biglow
Hughes, rhb	lhb, L. Witherby
Stotz, lhb	rhb, Tupper
Shea, fb	fb, Witherby

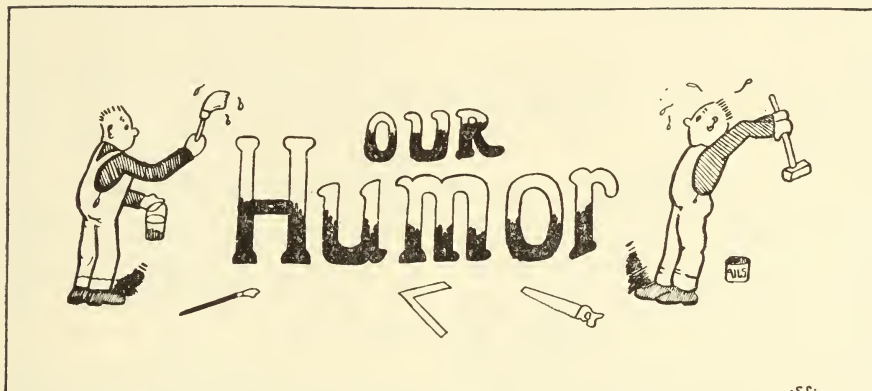
Substitutions—Turners Falls, Jillson for Samoriski, Bush for Gartrell, Samoriski for Shea, Myleck for Samoriski. Score—Turners Falls 20, New Salem 0. Touchdowns—Stotz 2, Samoriski. Points after touchdown—Stotz (pass), Shea (placement). Referee—Casey. Head linesman—Kawecki. Time—Two 10 and two 8-minute periods.

Turners Falls 24, Templeton 0

On Saturday, November 6, our team defeated Templeton High School at Unity Park, Turners Falls, by a score of 24-0. Jake Stotz carried off the honors with two touchdowns. Shea and Hughes also scored. The line-ups follow:

Turners	Templeton
Nasiatka, le	re, Tissari
Prondecki, lt	rt, Burybsifski
Doran, lg	rg, Oilsari
Leary, c	c, Waskiewicz
Strehle, rg	lg, Harris
Jillson, rt	lt, Cloutur
Grogan, re	le, Coobic
Gartrell, qb	qb, Saunders
Hughes, lhb	rhb, Goodwin
Stotz, rhb	lhb, Kaupinen
Myleck, fb	fb, Sanders

Substitutions — Turners, Lapean for Jillson, Bush for Gartrell, Shea for Myleck. Score—Turners Falls 24, Templeton High 0. Touchdowns—Stotz 2, Shea, Hughes. Time—10-minute quarters. Referee—Casey. Umpire—St. Germain. Head linesman—Kawecki.



CLASS SNAPPERS

The Piper took a rainbow out of his trunk.

While converting gold from one of the colonies we were attacked by some pirates.

Because Adam sinned all his ancestors should bear the blame.

Galileo was a man who was asked a question and couldn't answer it.

Champlain ran into the five nations.

The sun pierced the bows of the spruce trees.

The roofs of the houses could shake hands across the street.

Shrubbery ran around the house.

Hamlet wanted to play fair and murder the king when he least expected it.

This person gets a thrill when it sees a love for something.

Trees and plants take in carbon dioxide and give off oxygen, but not on Sundays, so it is not definite.

"Dead men sell no nails," said the tack manufacturer as he strangled his competitor.—Ex.

A highbrow traveler at the Greenfield Station approached the Springfield train which was made up and ready to start.

"Is this train ready for occupancy?" he asked.

Trainman: "No, Sir, this train goes to Northampton, Holyoke, and Springfield."—Ex.

"Who is that terrible singer singing 'Nancy Lee'?"

"Why, that's 'Sing-bad', the Sailor."—Ex.

"The dog days are over," said the proprietor, as he stood on the highway nailing shut his Hot Frankfurter stand.—Ex.

A Generous Job

A Holyoke man in Worcester found that he had spent all his money. He began looking for a chance to earn some. He saw a group of men digging a cellar for a new building, and asked the foreman if he could go to work. "Sure," said the foreman, "help yourself to a shovel." The man worked away for a couple of hours. Finally, when he stopped to rest, a man near him said, "I don't seem to know you. Where do you live?" "I live in Holyoke," replied the newcomer. "Then what are you doing here?" asked the other. "All of us Worcester men are giving a day's work free to help build the new Presbyterian church."—Ex.

Scotch?

Dentist: "That tooth must come out and the charge will be three dollars."

Patient: "How much will it be to loosen it a little?"—Ex.

Modern Terms

A country boy left the farm and went to the city where he did very well. His brother, who stayed on the farm, received a letter one day from his city brother which said among other things "... Thursday we autoed out to the country club and golfed till dark. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there."

The farm boy wrote back:

"... Yesterday we flivvered to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Mead's and poked till morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and geehawed until sundown. Then we suppered and piped for a while; after which we staircased up to our bedrooms and bedsteaded until the clock fived."—Ex.

Little Georgie was invited out to dinner with his father and mother, and before starting the latter impressed upon the darling boy the necessity for his speaking in complimentary terms of the food.

After he had tasted the soup, he said to the hostess, "This is pretty good soup—what there is of it." A glare from his mother pulled him up. So he corrected himself by saying, "And there's plenty of it—such as it is."—Ex.

A Small boy was returning from school, crying bitterly.

"What ails you, my little fellow?" asked an old gentleman.

"I-I've lo-st the p-penny the t-t-teacher gave for b-being the best boy in the class," sobbed the boy.

"Oh, well, never mind," replied the old fellow, "here is another one that will take its place. But tell me how you lost it."

"'Cause I wasn't the best boy in the class," replied the boy.—Ex.

Prof: Name a stable commodity.
Farmer Boy: Hay!—Ex.

A man recently had an electric refrigerator installed. Because the cost was greater than he had anticipated, he decided to connect the wires himself. Going down cellar he adjusted the wires to his satisfaction.

Immediately his wife called down stairs, "John, come up here quick! Something dreadful has happened. The radio is covered with frost, and the ice box is playing 'There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.'"—Ex.

An old lady was riding in a sight-seeing bus in the Rocky Mountains. She had plied the driver with all sorts of questions, which he had answered as patiently as he could. Finally the old lady asked, "Where did all these rocks come from?"

"The glaciers brought them down," was the reply.

"And where are the glaciers now?"

"They've gone back after more rocks," said the long-suffering driver.—Ex.

She: "I see there is a Chinaman on the radio tonight."

He: "How?"

She: "Hymn Sing is on the program."—Ex.

"Tommy, are the skins of cats any use?"

Tommy: "Yes, sir."

Master: "Well, what are they used for?"

Tommy: "For keeping cats warm."—Ex.

"It's no good mincing matters," said the doctor; "you are very bad. Is there anybody you would like to see?"

"Yes," replied the patient, faintly.

"Who is it?"

"Another doctor, please."—Ex.

Sweet: How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man? For two hundred bands off that brand they give you a graphophone.

Sour: You don't say. If I smoked two hundred of those cigars I wouldn't want a graphophone, I'd want a harp.—Ex.

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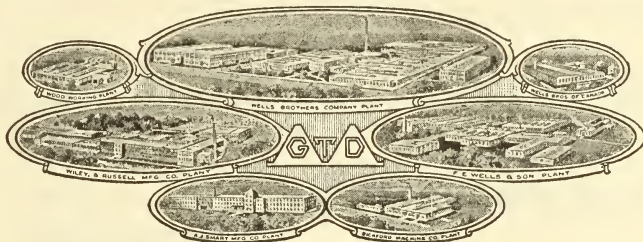
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